

The Crown of Greatness

The world has a fascination, a hunger, for greatness, eager to crown the next worthy candidate for that title.

We who sit in history's bleachers are inclined, however, to confuse fame with greatness. We seem willing to let the press, television and radio determine whom we shall call great.

Prominence, however, is a poor yardstick with which to measure greatness.

If one would know the truth, he must pull the pedestal out from under the man or woman and see what is left. Many of the people we place on pedestals would stand tall without the pedestal. And many whom we never think of in terms of pedestals deserve the accolade of greatness.

It has been said that the nation is proudest and noblest and most exalted which has the greatest number of really great men and women – not just those whom it honors, but also the *anonymous* great, the citizens who, in their little bailiwicks, live exemplary lives – the kind it would be wonderful if all of us lived.



These are the persons James Russell Lowell – American poet, editor and diplomat – had in mind when he wrote:

*The wisest man could ask no more of Fate
Than to be simple, modest, manly, true,
Safe from the Many, honored by the Few;
To count as naught in World, or Church, or State;
But inwardly in secret to be great.*

And greatness is achieved as we help and serve one another. One person at a time.

– Beecher Hunter